

EastEast Password: Paradise and Parasite

<http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?mode=loop>

export const text = `

Warning: Gore and Death

When they first connect to her, nothing seems to happen.

That's not right. It's incorrect. They are one as they should be, as they were always meant to be, and yet this one says nothing, is nothing. She is broken and does not know it, or she did and could not tell them-- they can't tell from the happy little smile plastered onto her face.

It's fine. They could fix each other, and they can fix her, as well. She will be molded to the needs of the Song. She can be born anew.

But then, something snaps. Like a wire, almost imperceptibly. The tempo slows to a halt.

Her head. It's her head. From a cut on her neck drips a thin line of blood. No, wait. It's getting longer. The crimson pools up at its seams as they watch; they can't tell where the carnage begins and the cut ends. The woman's eyes roll back, circulation no longer flowing into her brain. It's staining into her white shirt now. Their input doubles as they narrate every second of it all to each other, as if the other one can't see, as if understanding will quell the horror in front of them, or the sickening pain running through their throats.

Thunk.

Her head falls forward. She smacks the side of her skull against the concrete; the two reel in pain as their own heads cave as well. The woman's eyes dim, staring up to them only in acknowledgement, before the fire in her goes out. What will is in her fades, and what's left is silence.

They don't realize it at first. There is only horror in them as even her death doesn't stop the carnage: the base of the neck bleeds and bleeds, her shirt now dyed red, the rest clotting in the sacks of her clothes. It all makes the corpse bulge unnaturally in its stasis, the fabric struggling to contain its ooze.

It's only when they try to move and their legs freeze up that they notice she's still part of them.

Their bodies do not listen, cannot listen. The weight of a whole body on the floor is too much to bear, and they are only two, and it's still alive, as alive as death can be; they are both living and not, caught within their self-preservation and this rotting limb; animals in a trap with their limb chewed out but still connected. Still there. They do not know if they're screaming. They can't hear if they are. There's only them and the corpse. Them, and the silence.

Hours pass. Then, days. Maybe even weeks. They're forced to watch as the corpse rots standing from the inside out, its own gut flora, and, above all, there is no Song. They cannot move their limbs, their instruments out of reach, and in their powerlessness, they scream. For their Conductor, for their freedom. They beg for mercy. Anything, they say. Anything to hear their song again.

And, finally, something answers.

A coffin on the ground shakes. Her coffin-- the one she hauled all that time ago. The lid flips open and out crawls a bloodstained hand, lifting itself out of the grave. Then, another hand. Then a foot. Limb by limb it reveals itself, until, finally, it stands over the bones and mush of what had been before: a headless body donned in armor, its gauntlets and pauldrons fusing to it like second skin. Underneath, the Ensemble white suit. It is Of Them, and yet it is not.

They change as well without even realizing it. One's hands reach out into claws that reach out into one limb, two shining swords not unlike that woman's sprouting out of both her hands. The other feels her head shift and turn into cold metal, her nose extending into a gun's muzzle, her eyes into sights, and her neck into a rubber grip.

They raise up their new instruments as it instructs them to play.